FIRED AT; FORGIVES HUBBY.

Policeman Kane, However, Must

Patrolman Bernard Kane, who

Sunday morrang shot at his wife in the presence of their three children at

the home of his wife's sister, No. 4

Roseville Place, Tompkinsville, S. I.,

mons by Police Captain Krusher of Stapleton to appear for trial before the

Stand Trial Before Comm

# COPPRIGHT 1921 BY HARVEY WICKHAM

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT.

CHAPTER II.

and like oil trying to pour divan.

A number of exclamations, some frankly profane and incredulous, others doubtful but conciliatory, followed, and Clara turned just in time to see a door open, throwing a bright giare into the great, bare, circular apartment through which she had lately groped her way. Out of the door strode a man she

dressed in one of the Shakespearian costumes so prevalent that afternoon—silken doublet and hose, a plumed hat thrust on the back of his head, and a jeweled sword-hilt sparkling to his him.

was considering the advisability of looking for some better place to sleep. What held her back was the light which still stranmed from the open doorway. And then from the cardroom itself stepped another figure.

Like he of the plumed hat, this fellow was tall and muscular. But there was no mistaking that buff leather terkin. It was the monkey-man whom jerkin. It was the monkey-man whom she had seen doing tricks at the gate. His eyes followed the route taken by his recent companions, but he made no move to go in their wake—just took a step or two toward an ascending flight of stairs which began in a further segment of the tower-room, peered for an instant down its descending counterpart that had its head near the balcony, gave a hurried glance about as if looking for some enemy lurking in the shajerkin. It was the monkey-man whom

a hurried glance about as it tooking for some enemy lurking in the shadows, and retreated as he had come, closing the door after him.

The balcony became unemdurable. Clara Hope stole up another flight of stairs on her belated search for a couch. As she did so she became wars of the rhythmic click of a puraware of the rhythmic click of a pur-

suing pair of heels.

Clara's own footsteps had been as soundless as shadows. But there was soundless as shadows. But there was something absolutely clamerous about those heels. One pictured them as French of the tallest variety. The clicks were wrapped in a silence suggestive of velvet. Black velvet, in defiance of the August night! The idea was not so chimerical, after all. And then, to her consternation, High Heels, instead of rassing on below.

suggestive of velvet. Black velvet, in defiance of the August night! The idea was not so chimerical, after all. And then, to her consternation, High Heels, instead of passing on below, turned and took the stair.

The room where Clara found herself was like the one beneath—huge, circular, and nearly empty; and it was lighted by a candle left burning in one of the sconces. There was now, of course, considerable danger of being seen. She was about to dash for the beginning of the next stairway, trusting to her ability to combine speed with stealth, when she happened to notice a second candle—this one burning in an alcove just within the corridor which here, as on the lower floor, led from the tower to the interior parts of the building.

The alcove was fitted with a divan—a discordantly Oriental affair, the apped with pillows and tiger skins—and right beyond it was a screen. Not having time to reach the screen. Clara dived beneath the divan, which fortunately proved to be only a curtained shelf and not a seat reaching solidly to the ground. One of the

and right beyond it was a screen. Not having time to reach the screen. Clara dived beneath the divan, which fortunately proved to be only a curtained shelf and not a seat reaching solidly to the ground. One of the ckins slipped softly to the floor as she did so, and she hastened to drag it in after her so that nothing amiss might be noticed. There she lay, perfectly motionless, expecting to floar the other woman continue the ascent of the stairs. But all was still. Not a sound came from anywhere.

Clear held be breath straining her.

Clear would be a breath the divan, which he had seen nothing but a breath a breath a single dog.

The actors were reassuring. As to the dog, that was rather another matter. It was a red, rough-coated the would be a breath a sum of actors were reassuring. As to the dog, that was rather another matter. It was a red, rough-coated the would be a breath a sum of actors were reassuring. As to the dog, that was rather another matter. It was a red, rough-coated the would be a breath a sum of actors were reassuring. As to their daily routine; and a single dog.

The actors were reassuring. As to their daily routine; and a single dog.

The actors were reassuring. As to their daily routine; and a single dog.

The actors were reassuring. As to the dog, that was rather another matter. It was a red, rough-coated the dog, that was rather another matter. It was a red, rough-coated the dog, that was a red, rough-coated the dog, that was a red, rough-coated the dog, that was a red, rough-coated the

where.
Clara held her breath, straining her cars in the attempt to detect some fresh evidence of that second presence. And then the candle in the further sconce went out.
The incident was startling, for there had been no premonitory flicker. It the Ultra-Violet and Infra-Red Ray-

"Funny I never ran across you before." The Englishman sat down
rather stiffly at the other side of the
table. "My name is Lounsbury, as
perhaps you know. Or haven't you
been here long?"
"Just came to-day." Well as crooked to try any trick as clumsy as that."

(Continued.)

Well as crooked to try any trick as clumsy as that."

(The fifth ace doesn't happen to be comfortable pillow. She might not "The fifth ace doesn't happen to be mine," came the reply. "You pretend to find it in the discard. My opinion is that you found it up your sleeve."

"Gentlemen:" It was a third voice, inable. Some one was sitting on the discard. The fifth ace doesn't happen to be comfortable pillow. She might not have known that she dozed at all, only when she opened her eyes there dangled right before them a slender pair of legs encased in white, terminating in the daintiest slippers imagnitude.

men, don't let us have any troubing. The pack must have been imperfect when we began to play, Nobody counted it."

What surprised her most was that the slippers were not quite of the sort she had visualized on first hearing that click-click on the tiling becounted it." What surprised her most was that

ing that circk-circk on the thing oelow. Finally there arose in the distance the step of an honest pair of
shoes. The walker was a man.

He came straight to the divan.

"Oh, my dear! At last!" he murmured softly, sitting down. "I've been
looking for you everywhere. When I

derness of bottles, tanks, carboys, tubes, retorts, electrical apparatus and such other contrivances as a man with a passion for chemical research would be apt to collect. Here they spent the remainder of the afternoon.

The Ferret became so interested in Lounders that he clady accepted in found you weren't in the room"—
"I was restless," responded the
woman, after an interval during which it required no eyesight to detect the

on his hip.

Three others followed—or at least emerged—from the card-room. But they were in less of a hurry, and paused to exchange a few words before dispersing. One of them wore a long black coat, somehow familiar, and they all appeared to be regretting the incident of the five aces.

When they had gone, Clara thoughts for a minute should be a second for a minute should be a second for a minute should be a second for weeks." I out haven't been quite on the second floor of the wing and next to Lounsbury's of the wing and next t

for a long black coat, somehow familiar, and they all appeared to be regretting the incident of the five aces.

When they had gone, Clara thought for a minute that she was alone, and was considering the advisability of the live of the considering the advisability of the considering the considering

anything yet. I'm so distrustful of myself." "You're overworked." "Possibly. But we mustn't sit here. Some one will see us." The man laughed, not aitogether

mirthfully. "See us—this time of night?"
nothing
"Yes; you can never tell who is
around. I can't get it out of my head
kitchens.

time."
"That's nonsense."
"I hope so. But there's another thing. Leave Jean Estamps to do his own work-promise me!"

"Haven't I already promised a suf-ficient number of times?"
"What is that?" said the woman. suddenly.
"It smells like something burning.

"It smells like something burning. I've noticed it in this corridor before."
"Perhaps Yen Hui is offering incense to his ancestors," responded the man, with an attempt at lightness.
"Or maybe it is candle grease."

As for Clara, she could smell nothing except the odor of the tanned skin beneath her head, and while she was trying to, a cataclysm shook the little world there beneath the divia.

What had happened was this:
The couple, rising to go, had seen

The couple, rising to go, had seen the projecting end of the skin. Un-willing that even this little hit of un-tidiness should be left behind as

treading as softly as a cat, the talk-ers became silent and slipped away. She caught sight of McClue in front Further exploration did nothing but of the cardroom and hurried toward

Further exploration did nothing but speed the passing moments.

He wandered about for perhaps another thirty minutes, expecting a heavy electric storm and wondering why the thunder and lightning did not begin. There was finally a sudden dash of rain and then a blinding giare. It was as if the delayed discharge of all the electricity in the atmosphere had been guthered together into one devastating bolt, and McClue braced

BY EDWARD J.CLODE

almost comic seriousness.

Louisbury that he gladly accepted an invitation to dine in the laboratory. And later, by complaining that he had

THEN Clara Hope recovered from her experience with the tiger skin she could

been here long?"

"Just came to-day."

"Just came to-day."

"Just came to-day."

"I see—a friend of the management. It hope you'll excuse me for asking such a rum lot of questions. But with all these artists and actor chaps around there's seidom a chance to meet anybody of a different sort—excepting Philippa, of course. She room. The wind, unburdening it sa mart."

McClue accompanied his new acquaintance through a labyrinth of passages to a cubicle on the ground floor of a distant wing. It was a will derness of bottles, tanks, carboys, tubes, retorts, electrical apparatus and such other contrivances as a man with a passion for chemical research would be not to collect the stairs to the floor below. Just as and such other contrivances as a man with a passion for chemical research would be not to collect. Here the several seconds to regain self-control.

"Horrible! Horrible!" she kept repeating in a half-whisper that been do penetrate everywhere. "There has been an accident."

McClue and Clara Hope reached the spot at the same instant, and before the crowd.

"Hold them back for a minute," sall the detective in her ear. "Make and the devery there are the same instant, and before the crowd.

"Horrible! Horrible!" she kept research to penetrate everywhere. "There has been an accident."

McClue and Clara Hope reached the spot at the same instant, and before the crowd.

"Hold them back for a minute," sall the detective in her ear. "Make and the detective in her ear. "Make and the detective in her ear." "Make became at once conspicuous an obstruction, forcing back every one who approached, and crying: "No, no, no! Walt! Wait!"—as it reached the stairs to the floor below. Just as he had lost h

a sharp, metallic tinkle.

From her infancy Clara had never been able to shake off a constitutional fear of lightning, and always if caught alone during a thunder storm she felt like hiding her head under a heap of bedclothes. As yet no electrical disturbance was mani-fest save in a peculiar tension in the atmosphere, but the impending threat of the familiar jagged flashes with their answering reports was sufficient.
"I was so startled," she subsequent-

sed to McClue, "that I fancy I must have been more afraid of that empty corridor at my back than of the storm itself. I even stepped out The Ferret retired early, but without undressing, and woke shortly before midnight, as he had promised
himself to do. Going to a window, he
noticed that a storm was brewing. A
man, still in theatrical costume, was
pacing backward and forward along
a path only a few yards away.

McClue descended to the laboratory,

angle of light from the cardroom, and the listening figure of Clara Hope on a second-story balcony. When he passed that way the light had already been extinguished. From the hallway above he could distinctly hear a man dress streamed into the corridors, asking such albert when the form of the corridors.

Towers and its grounds in a steady. SLACKER LIST MAN greenish-blue radiance.

Shouts and excited voices were beginning to be heard. Men and women in various stages of dress and underest streamed into the corridors. Joseph Winter Was Aboard Muni-

and a woman conversing in low tones.

He even caught the words:

'I thought so, too, but we've looked everywhere now. We must have been mistaken."

dress streamed into the corridors, asking each other what was the trouble and receiving no satisfactory and the corridors. When Clara got down to the floor below there was quite a tumult. Groups were forming, their faces apnistaken."
Groups were forming, their faces appearing when he went toward them, pearing death-like in that unnatural

"I say—are you really interested in that?" came the unexpected in poirty. McClue had taken a seat at a convenient table to study the volume more carefully, and now looked up to find a man of about thirty, with a closely trimmed mustache and an Englishman's cast of countenance, regarding him with an expression of almost comic seriousness.

There was maily a sudden dash of rain and then a blinding glare. It was as if the delayed discharge of all the stopped. A sharp cry had suddenly changed everything, bringing all this scattered bewilderment to a point. It came from the top of the himself instinctively against the crash of the anticipated thunder. But no crash came.

CHAPTER IV. one of her acquaintances of the af-ternoon—an extra player named Min-rie Deyo. Minnie had been seen to start to go down, and suddenly to re-coil, and now she was clutching her hands together in a desperate effort

It wasn't an altogether feigned per-formance, either. For she, too, had looked down the stairway, and had seen, halfway between the looked down the stairway, and had seen, halfway between the top and bottom steps—the man in the new buff jerkin lying on his back, his head lower than his heels.

Head? In the rays of that unexplained light, every detail of his figure was as plain as if he had been lying under the needed. lying under the noonday sun. And his head was a mere mass from which Issued an ever-spreading stain. McCine hurried back to his assist-

ant just in time to prevent her from ant just in time to prevent her from being overpowered.

"Stop crowding, please!" he ordered, in a voice which compelled obedience. "Some one has been killed. Come forward one at a time and see if it is any one you know."

Then he began speaking soothingly to Clara, as if he wanted everybody to see that he was merely giving aid and comfort to a case of nerves.

## He Owes his life to his Coat ↑ STEEPLE-JACK was n painting the flag-pole of a skyscraper. Suddenly, without warning, the swingseat gave way, hurling down seat, pail, brush-but not the man. By strangest chance, the hook which had supported the seat caught in the man's work-coat-and the cloth held-held until rescue came. This dramatic happening is true. And the coat was a Sweet-Orr garment-living up to the Sweet-Orr reputation for strength. If you want work-clothes whose strength you can count on always, look for this Sweet-Orr label.

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# a path only a few yards away. McClue descended to the laboratory, found an oustide door, and stepped cautiously into the grounds. A long circuit of the building brought something tangible. It was nothing of seeming importance—just an open window into one of the kitchens. But McClue regarded it thoughtfully before climbing in over its sill. He had just missed seeing that rect McClue did know, and so did Clara when she told her story. It was that seeming miracle that enveloped by looked back again—the ladder had moved! It was now projecting horizontally, and some one was drawing it in through the window. At the same time the clock in the tower began to strike two, and almost exactly on the second stroke—but you know what it was that happened then." McClue did know, and so did Clara when she told her story. It was that seeming miracle that enveloped by looked back again—the ladder had moved! It was now projecting horizontally, and some one was drawing it in through the windows. At the same time the clock in the tower began to strike two, and almost exactly on the second stroke—but you know what it was that happened then." McClue did know, and so did Clara when she told her story. It was that seeming miracle that enveloped by looked back again—the ladder had moved! It was now projecting horizontally, and some one was drawing it in through the windows. At the same time the clock in the tower began to strike two, and almost exactly on the second stroke—but you know what it was that happened then." McClue did know, and so did Clara when I looked back again—the ladder had moved! It was now projecting horizontally, and some one was drawing it in through the windows. At the same time the clock in the tower began to strike two, and almost exactly on the second stroke—but you know what it was that happened then." McClue did know, and so did Clara when I looked back again—the ladder had moved! It was now projection to whisper. "No accident at all—it's the coldest blooded murder I ever saw. And"—"It is Jean Estamps,

With All Hands.

Two apparent errors in the slacker had died in the service of his country, were found when the list made public at Governor's Island for publication to-day was checked up in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Katherine Imre, at whose house the young man boarded, he enlisted in the merchant marine about three years ago as a member of the crew of a ship carrying munitions for the American armies. A brother-in-law of the young man a Mr. Weish was pokesman for counsel to the other than the spokesman for counsel to the spokesman for counsel to the other than the spokesman for counsel to the of the young man, a Mr. Wright, who lived at Staten Island, later called for his clothes, saying Winter's ship had been torpedoed and all hands lost,

Mrs. Mary Risley, at whose house

SLACKER LIST MAN
DIED BY TORPEDO

Joseph Winter Was Aboard Munition Ship Which Went Down

VAROTTA SUSPECTS
CAN'T SEE MINUTES

Said to-day that arrangements were being made to sumbit a charge of the Homleide Bureau said to-day that arrangements were being made to sumbit a charge of the Homleide Bureau said to-day that arrangements were being made to sumbit a charge of the Homleide Bureau said to-day that arrangements were being made to sumbit a charge of the Homleide Bureau said to-day that arrangements were being made to sumbit a charge of the Homleide Bureau said to-day that arrangements were being made to sumbit a charge of the Homleide Bureau said to-day that arrangements were being made to sumbit a charge of the Homleide Bureau said to-day that arrangements were being made to sumbit a charge of the Homleide Bureau said to-day that arrangements were being made to sumbit a charge of the Homleide Bureau said to-day that arrangements were being made to sumbit a charge of the Homleide Bureau said to-day that arrangements were substituted by the sumbit a charge of the Homleide Bureau said to-day that arrangements were substituted by the first arrangement was said to-day that arrangements were said to-day that arrangements were substituted by the sumbit a charge of the Homleide Bureau said to-day that arrangements were said to-day that arrangements were substituted by the said to-day that arrangements were said to Jury Records.

After reading the minutes of the list, in one of which the man listed Grand Jury, at the request of As sistant District Attorney Sullivan, Judge Mointyre in General Sessions to-day denied the motion made by counsel for the five men indicted for the kidnapping of Giuseppe Varotta Joseph Winter, No. 9 Clinton Street, for permission to inspect these minwas listed as a slacker. According to utes. The Varotta boy, who lived at was served this morning with a sum-

Police Commissioner for discharging his revolver without cause. mission was made by Joseph Rosalsky, attorney for one of the indicted men, Santo Consumano, and spokesman for counsel to the other four, John Melchione, Antonio Marino, James Ruggieri and Roberto Raffaele.

Assistant District Attorney Dineen.



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